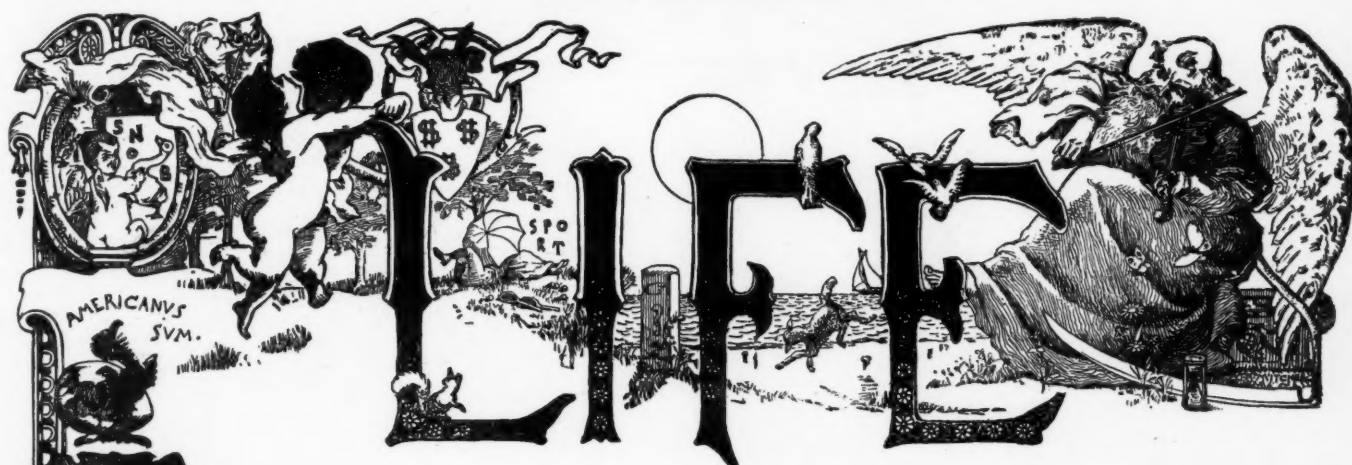


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A REWARD FOR THE GRINDER.

"PAPA GAVE ME TWO PENNIES TO PUT IN THE PLATE IN CHURCH."

"DO YOU KNOW WHO THOSE PENNIES WERE FOR?"

"COURSE I DO; FOR THE ORGAN MAN. I HEARD THE MUSIC."

· LIFE ·

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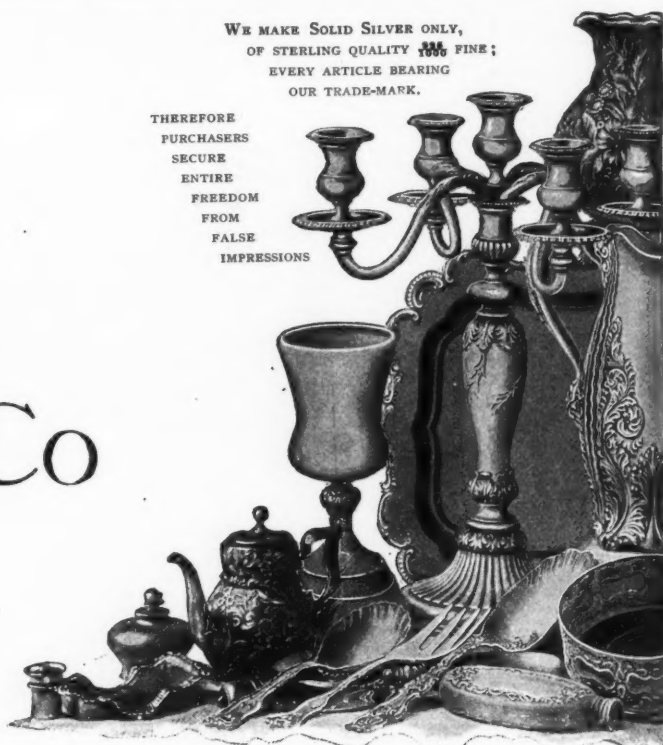
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NEW YORK.

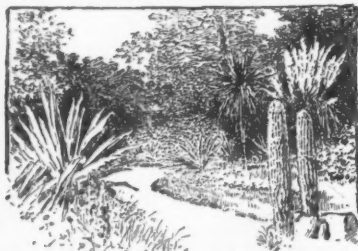
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BRANDIED CHEESE, best quality, 31c. the glass jar.

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CALIFORNIA WHITE CHERRIES, fine quality, the Ox Heart variety, large; natural flavor and color, exquisite syrups, 21c., large can, \$2.46 the dozen.

N. Y. STATE ORANGE QUINCES, best quality, cut in quarters, peeled and covered, very heavy delicious syrup, 24c., large can, \$2.78 the doz.

CALIFORNIA LEMON CLING or CRAWFORD PEACHES, halves, fine flavor, good, clear syrup, 18c. the can, \$2.06 the doz.

CALIFORNIA GOLDEN APRICOTS, halves, brilliant fruit, delicious, natural flavor, fine syrup, 15c. the can, \$1.72 the doz.

FRENCH ASPARAGUS, extra quality, in large glass flacon, 70c. each.

OYSTER BAY ASPARAGUS, choice quality, a bunch in each can, white tender spears, 24c. the can, \$2.78 the dozen.

SLICED PINEAPPLES, best quality, eyeless and colorless, ready to serve, heavy syrup, 18c. the can, \$2.06 the dozen.

EARLY JUNE SIFTED PEAS, best quality, small, fine flavor, full cans, last packing, 13c. the can, \$1.50 the dozen, \$2.93 the 2 dozen case.

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N. Y. STATE STRINGLESS BEANS, fine quality, small, whole, crisp, tender beans, fine flavor and color, 10c. the can, \$1.16 the doz., \$2.20 the 2 dozen case.

N. Y. STATE CREAM SUCCOTASH, finest quality, sweetest corn and Lima beans, 14c. the can, \$1.58 the dozen.

JERSEY COLD PACKED TOMATOES, extra fancy, nothing finer in flavor or color. no water, 12c. the can, \$1.35 the dozen, \$2.61 the 2 dozen case.

ANKERS' CELEBRATED BOUILLON CAPSULES, simply require dissolving in boiling water and your bouillon is ready, 29c. a box, containing 10 capsules.

NORWAY BLOATER MESS MACKEREL, finest quality, no heads nor tails, very large, \$2.35 the 10 lb. kit.

BONELESS GODFISH, packed 3 lbs. in a box, 22c. the box.

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Spring Importations

of

French

Trimmed

Hats and

Bonnets

together with

High-Class

Novelties

of their own design,

for Theatre,

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WRITTEN AFTER READING MUCH SOCIETY
VERSE.

WHEN first I saw fair featured Grace,
In dainty, tailor fashioned gown,
I fell in love with her sweet face
And pooh-poohed at her escort, Brown.
The fellow's rich, but such a clown!
I did not fear he'd rival *me*.
I, Reginald de Courcy Browne,
With wealth and—looks, and pedigree.

I set the man a red-hot pace ;
It was the talk of all the town ;
I *knew* that I was loved by Grace—
I knew it by that yokel's frown.
My ancestors won great renown,
While Brown has no ancestral tree.
I *knew* I could the fellow down,
With wealth and—looks, and pedigree.

HE KNEW A THING OR TWO.

ONE Saturday morning two little boys were playing marbles on the steps of Trinity church. The pastor coming out and seeing them said :

"My little men do you not know that it is wrong to play marbles on the steps of the House of the Lord?"

One of the little boys looked up and said :
"Oh, He isn't here to-day ; He's over at the Jewish synagogue."

THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE.

ROMEO ROSENSTEIN: Suppose ve go on our vedding trip to Milvaukee?

JULIET JACOBS: Vy should ve go to Milvaukee?

ROMEO ROSENSTEIN: It vos der furdest place I could get a pass for.

She's married now ; has rare point lace,
And jewels fit to deck a crown.
The man who calls her "darling Grace"
Is not the fellow they call Brown.
No, *I'm* the happiest man in town ;
I knew she'd not say no to *me*.
One rarely sees Dame Fortune frown
On wealth and—looks, and pedigree.

ENVOY.

You thought that Grace *would* marry Brown,
As in most ballads that you see,
But *she* did not. For her no clown—
But wealth and—looks, and pedigree.
Charles Battell Loomis.





"While there is Life there's Hope"

VOL. XXV.

MARCH 28, 1895.

No. 639.

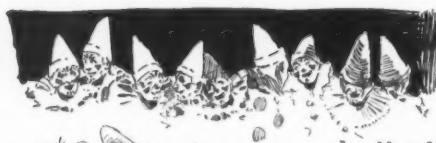
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year, extra. Single copies, 10 cents. Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



THE question of the propriety of the extradition of Mr. Charles A. Dana from the State of New York for trial in a libel case in Washington, is warmly debated in the contemporary press. LIFE's advice to Governor Morton is not to give Mr. Dana up. Few living citizens are so useful as he to the people of the state and city of New York; few do so much to abate weariness and dispel care; few can so ill be spared. If Mr. Dana has committed any triable offense, let his accusers meet him in

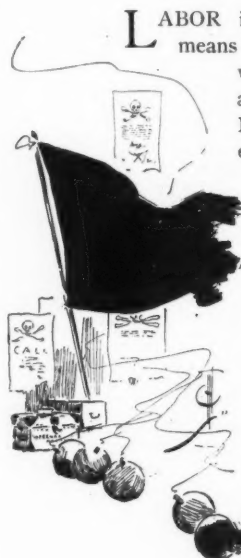
New York. Our laws are enlightened, our courts are respected. He is here, and whatever he did, he was here when he did it. If there are any bears anywhere that are hungering for Mr. Dana, bring them on. If they are reasonable bears they will not expect him to be served up to them in their dens.



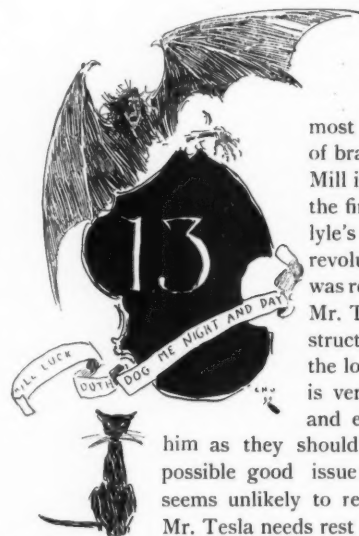
THE friends of the Craig Colony for Epileptics at Sonyea, in Livingston county, New York, are doing their best to defeat the bill of Assemblyman Kelsey, who wishes to turn out the present managers of the institution and replace them by others who will be more responsive to the claims of the local Republican machine. Success to their preventive efforts. The Colony is in good hands, and is far too good and important a charity to be handicapped by concessions to the local hunger for the fruits of patronage.

ONE of the unfailing signs of spring are the newspaper paragraphs that tell of Captain Robert Cook's dissatisfaction with the Yale crew, or of his final determination to have no more to do with coaching. This year they take the form of news that Captain Cook is in Europe and will not

return until May 1st. But that will give him about seven weeks to coach in. If Dr. Eliot, who is also abroad, has the good of his university at heart, he will endeavor to make Europe pleasant for Captain Cook and keep him there.



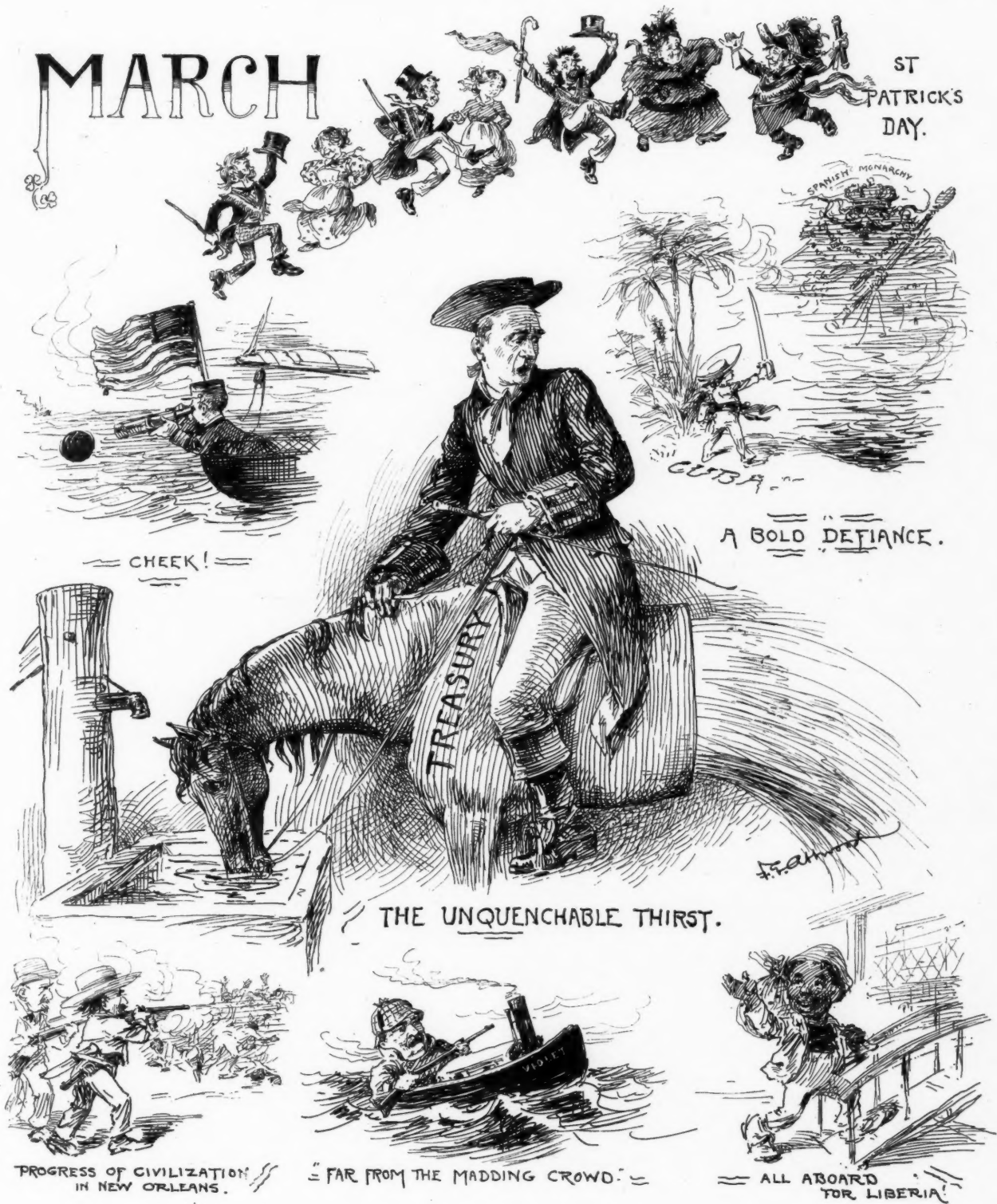
LABOR in New Orleans uses the same means of enforcing its will as find favor with Labor in Brooklyn, Buffalo and Chicago; but a labor riot in New Orleans is liable to additional complications from the race question. It would seem to be growing more and more desirable that the mayors of the larger American cities should be men of some military experience, who know how to use troops promptly and effectually to suppress riots. So also it is more and more evident that all great cities should have a sufficient force of well-trained militia which can be relied upon to quell disturbances. The feeling in the country against maintaining a standing army strong enough to keep our domestic peace is still strong, but there is no prejudice against calling out the militia when occasion demands, or against maintaining a militia force that is efficient enough to be worth calling out.



THE fire in Mr. Nicholas Tesla's work-shop seems to have involved the most disastrous destruction of brain products since J. S. Mill inadvertently burned up the first volume of T. Carlyle's work on the French revolution. Carlyle's book was re-written, and no doubt Mr. Tesla's wits will reconstruct his lost devices. But the loss is very sore, and he is very sore concerning it, and everybody is sorry for him as they should be. There was one possible good issue of the blaze, but it seems unlikely to result. It appears that Mr. Tesla needs rest and the fire gave him his chance to take it. Carlyle took to the woods and loafed grandly for several weeks after Mr. Mill's misadventure with his copy, but the newspapers say that Mr. Tesla is at work again as hard as ever.

MARCH

ST
PATRICK'S
DAY.



A SNOW-BIRD.

THE downy flakes are falling,
The heaps are piling high,
The gusty winds are calling
Unto the cold, gray sky.
The drifts have almost hidden
The little house of prayer:
The thought comes, all unbidden,
The thought comes, all unbidden,
"Perhaps she won't be there!"

I see a horse's hoof prints,
And marks of rough brogans,
And sturdy shoes which give hints
Of village Sarah Anns.
But here in several places
I see a pointed toe;
My snow-bird's left her traces
In coming through the snow.

"Where two or three assemble"—
The worshippers are few—
I enter, and dissemble
My interest in her pew.
A slender figure, muffled and furred,
Her tender cheeks aglow;
Ah! yes, my little snow-bird
Has tripped across the snow.



APRIL FIRST IN HERCULANEUM.

WELL, well, WELL! The Atlanta detectives have at last done a public service. They have "sized up" Eugene Field and A. Conan Doyle. They looked at the photographs of those persons, handed to them by an inquisitive reporter, and said they recognized them as well-known and unmistakable "crooks." The Atlanta detectives only confirm an opinion that LIFE has long entertained. We know that Conan Doyle was guilty of the murder of that distinguished colleague of the Atlanta officers, Sherlock Holmes. As for Eugene Field, there are few Americans who read at all who do not know, with almost legal knowledge, that he was guilty of betraying the secrets of Casey's infamous *table d'hôte*, and that he was at least an accessory in the crimes of Professor Vere de Blaw. In the bunco business he was the sponsor of Mr. Billings, of Louisville, who has touched many a good man for ten, and LIFE

heartily congratulates the Atlanta detectives on the fact that, from mere photographs, they have been able to figure out just what these notable criminals are. We always knew that Doyle and Field would eventually be found out by the police. Everyone else has been "on to" them for a long time, and at last the detectives have discovered them. The writers have no higher title to fame.

FIRST GREAT POWER: Halt, or I let loose the dogs of war. As one of the great powers of the world and in the name of humanity, civilization and progress, I protest against your seizure of that little island whose inoffensive people are unable to protect themselves.

SECOND GREAT POWER: I'll give you half.

FIRST GREAT POWER: All right. Go ahead.



She: WHAT DOES IT MEAN WHEN A MAN THREATENS TO COMMIT SUICIDE BECAUSE YOU REFUSE HIM?

The Widower: IT MEANS HE PREFERS THE REFRIGERATOR TO THE FRYING-PAN.

THE NEWS OF THE DAY.

AS PRESENTED BY THE SOCIETY REPORTER.

TINGY LINGY LING has been captured by the Japanese troops. The Chinese General Fi Fo Fum retreated to the city of Pilly Willy Wink from which they were finally driven with tremendous slaughter. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. I. Townsend Burden, Mr. and Mrs. J. Borden Harriman, Mr. and Mrs. James M. Waterbury, and Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Elliot.

On Tuesday there was a tremendous sacrifice of gents' underwear at the Third Avenue Emporium of Burstein and Schmidt. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Elisha Dyer, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. August Belmont, Mr. and Mrs. H. Le Grand Cannon, and Sir Roderick Cameron.

There was a sickening scene last Thursday in a seventh-floor flat in the Trinity Church district. Patrick Cassidy, in a fit of drunken rage, beat his wife to death with an iron stove handle. Patrick was in mauve brocade with trimmings of sable. In his

hair was a coronet of diamond stars. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. S. Van Rensselaer Cruger, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Harriman, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clews, and Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Brooks.

Reports reach us of terrible sufferings from famine along the banks of the Euphrates. To add to the horrors of the situation ravenous tigers, driven in from the overflowed jungles, feast upon the helpless natives. The leading tigers are generally in pale blue satin flecked with pearls and diamonds. Among those present are Mr. and Mrs. I. Townsend Burden, Mr. and Mrs. Elisha Dyer, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Dillon Ripley, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Cooper Hewitt, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Mortimer, Mr. and Mrs. Karrick Riggs, and Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Gebhard.

MAKING HIMSELF AGREEABLE.

THE happy father was exhibiting his first-born to a friend possessing piscatorial proclivities.

"How much does it weigh," inquired the victim, after desperately casting about for something more complimentary to say.

"Seven pounds and two ounces," replied the happy father.

"Dressed—er—I mean stripped," asked the friend, anxiously.

"Of course," the surprised father answered.

"We-ell," began the friend, doubtfully,

"that isn't very much for a baby, is it? But—er—er—," brightening up, "it would be a good deal for a trout."

WIFE: I wonder where Mr. and Mrs. Hyfler will put all the people they've invited in that little flat.

HUBBIE: Well, if Hyfler had his way he'd put 'em all under the table.



FOR A MARCH HAT.

SOMETHING THAT WILL NOT BLOW OFF.



"BUY THE IDIOT BRAND."

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS TO JOHN KENDRICK BANGS, AUTHOR OF
"COFFEE AND REPARTÉE," "THE IDIOT," ETC.

"WE'RE going to start a great Consolidated American Humor Factory," said the Idiot as he caromed on a buckwheat cake and hit the sausage square. This off-hand remark immediately gained the attention of Mrs. Pedagog's breakfast table.

"Who are we," asked the Bibliomaniac with his usual undercurrent of skepticism.

"Bangs and I," said the Idiot as he pocketed buckwheat cake No. 1, and drew No. 2 into fine position.

"What Bangs? John Kendrick Bangs, the humorist?" asked the Poet, in wide-eyed astonishment. "Do you know a real live author?"

"The same," said the Idiot, playing for position on the left rail of his plate.

"Bangs and I are bosom friends. You must understand that John Kendrick Bangs who writes for the great magazines, J. K. Bangs of the Sunday papers, Carlyle Smith of the comic weeklies, J. Kendrick Bangs of the *Yonkers Citizen*, and John K. Bangs the politician, are one and the same individual. I am the bosom friend of the whole aggregation."

"The aggregation must be shy of bosom friends when it takes you," sniffed Mr. Pedagog.

"Wrong again as usual, Mr. Pedagog," chirped the Idiot as he reached for the maple syrup and dug the old gentleman in the ribs. "I'm a very profitable friend and Bangs knows a good thing when he sees it. That's why I am in on the ground floor of the Consolidated American Humor Factory. Great idea, great head, great man!"

"Doubt it," grunted the School-Master. "Your adjectives are always ten sizes too large for your ideas."

"But you must notice, my charitable friend, that I am gradually growing up to my adjectives," insinuatingly said the Idiot. "Another great idea of mine—start with big adjectives and try hard to live up to them. Before you know it you're a big man. See!"

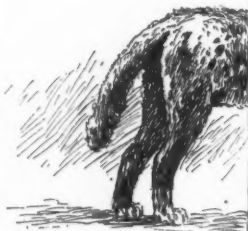
"That has nothing to do with the Factory. Tell us about it," said Mr. Brief impatiently.

"Same general line of thought, Mr. Brief," replied the Idiot. "Bangs is nothing if not original. He said to himself one day, 'Here are Davis, Gibson, Robert Russell and a lot of fellows I know traveling all over the world for literary and artistic experiences—Material they call it. What's the matter with manufacturing experiences right here at home for half the cost! I believe in encouraging home industries,' so he decided to blow in some money and run for Mayor of Yonkers. That town narrowly missed having a dandy Mayor, but Bangs got his money's worth of experience—and the result was 'Three Weeks in Politics,' one of his most successful books."

"But what about the Factory?" asked



THIS DOG IS NAMED "MARCH," BECAUSE WHEN HE COMES IN HE IS LIKE A LION, BUT WHEN HE GOES OUT HE IS LIKE A LAMB.



THE GROWTH OF GREATNESS. VIII.

TOMMY REED.

FROM AN INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN 1840.

the indignant boarders in chorus, looking at the dining-room clock.

"I've just given you the germinal idea," said the Idiot. "Says Bangs to me—'Idiot, old boy, we'll go right ahead manufacturing humorous experiences on a large scale. I'll build a magnificent villa on the banks of the Hudson, not far from my home. It shall be divided into about fifty suites of comfortable apartments, with good table-board, plenty of out-door sports, and everything to keep the guests in good humor. I'll invite up for long visits a choice assortment of mothers-in-law, bad boys, Irish comedians, Yankee farmers, summer girls, brakemen, bunco steerers, and all the other indispensable characters for American humor. Then I'll just come over for an hour or two every day and visit with them—and my books will write themselves. And you shall have a ground-floor suite, Mr. Idiot, and manage the whole show. Are you with me?' 'I'm yours for life, Mr. Bangs,' said I. No humor from this Factory genuine unless countersigned by me. *Buy the Idiot Brand!*"

"And so, Mrs. Pedagog," said the Idiot turning to the head of the table, "I give you notice that I must quit your hospitable board. But I'll invite you all up to stay awhile at the Factory. Bangs needs you in his business. Ta, ta!"

Droch.

SIGN in front of clothing store in Texas town: "Owing to the low price of cotton, all wool suits marked down to \$7.98."



THOMAS BRACKETT REED.
TAKEN WHEN ACTING AS AGENT FOR A COUNTRY CIRCUS.

THE GROWTH OF GREATNESS. VIII.

THOMAS BRACKETT REED, M. C.

WE present to our readers this week portraits of a distinguished fellow-citizen, in the curves of whose face and figure—for he has no angles—will be found written everywhere the noble sentiment, "I am a Republican." In fact it is stated on good authority that nothing but the entreaties of the Apollo Belvidere Reed Republican Club, of Portland, Maine, kept Mr. Reed from having this statement indelibly tattooed all over his body in long-primer type. So far, even the breath of suspicion has failed to connect Mr. Reed with any of the speculations usual with professional politicians. This is due not only to his honesty, but to a certain shy gentleness of nature and an indecision of purpose which has caused his political associates to dub him affectionately "Czar" Reed. The worst accusation brought against Mr. Reed so far is that he wears an eighteen collar, but this is a fabrication of his enemies based upon the fact that after every Republican victory he wears a hat of that size.

Mr. Reed has at various times presided as Speaker of the House of Representatives, in which position he has merited the criticism visited upon him by Republicans that he invariably ruled in favor of the Democratic Party. He is spoken of in connection with the next Republican nomination for the Presidency, but two facts militate

against him. One is that he comes from a safe Republican State, and the other that his associates fear he might give all the offices to the Democrats.

A SLIGHT DIFFERENCE.

MAUD: And Mr. Meanitall really said that I was better looking than ever?

MARIE (*wickedly*): No, dear. He simply said you were looking better.

THE WIFE: One-half the world doesn't know how the other half lives.

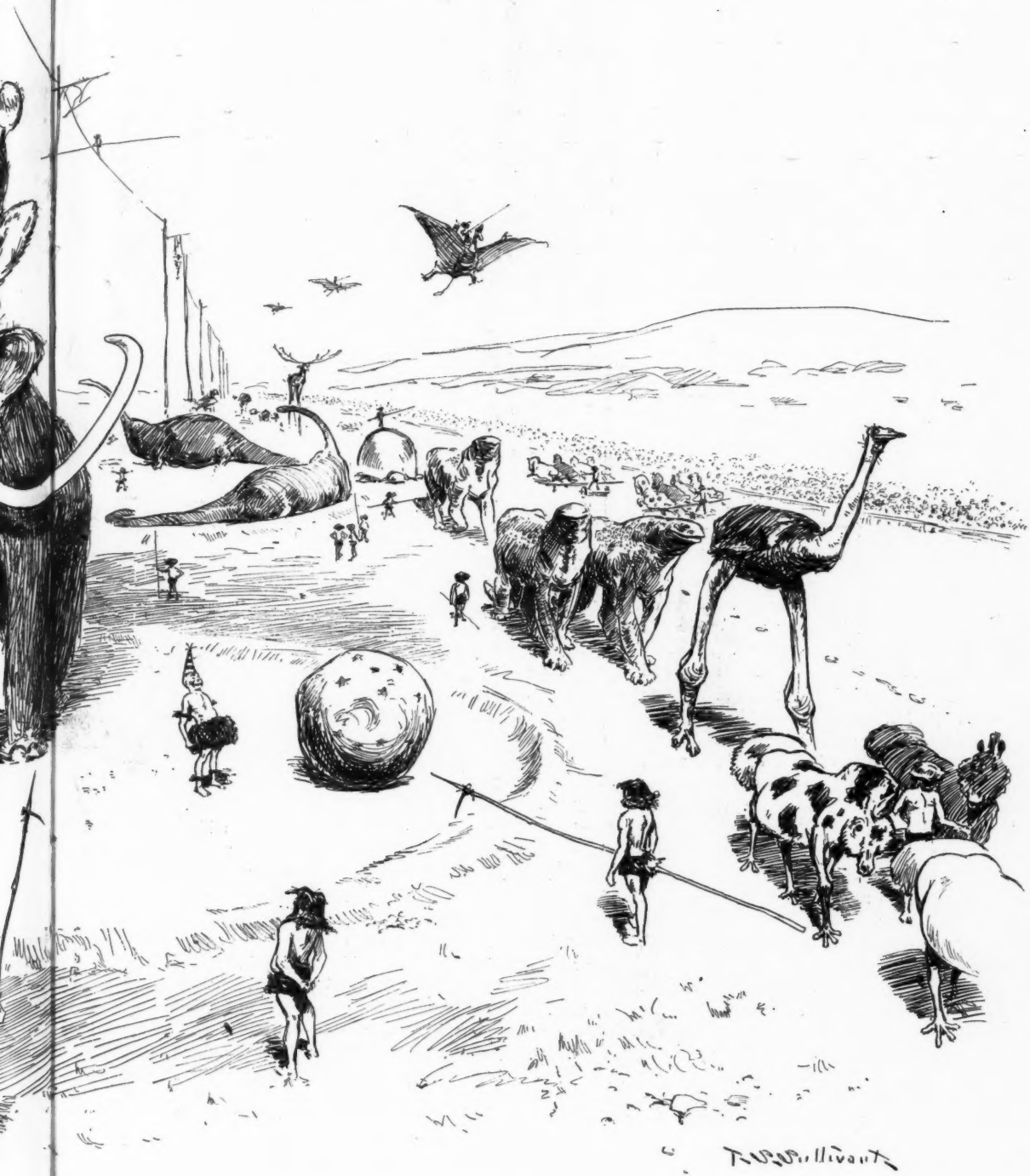
THE HUSBAND: Well, it isn't the fault of your sewing society anyway.



THE HON. TOM REED.
DISGUISED AS A STATESMAN FROM THE STATE OF MAINE.







THE ORIGINAL GREATEST SHOW



GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH.

REJECTED.

A  fell in love with a  trim,
 And over his love went looney,
 But the  declared that she wouldn't have him,
 Because he was much too  y.



TWO MORE IMPORTATIONS.

FIRST off, comes Mr. Oscar Wilde. Personally Mr. Wilde, like the other rank offenses, smells to Heaven, and it would seem as though his efforts should be ostracized from the stage as the author himself is said to have been from the society of human beings in England. But the English-speaking stage of to-day is rotten so far as morals and literature are concerned, and new productions have to be considered whether they are by the unspeakable Mr. Wilde or by a convict or by anyone else. We have to give to the author of "An Ideal Husband," now on the stage of the Lyceum Theatre, credit for a considerable cleverness. His play has a distinct plot, well handled, which is rather unusual in the London plays our New York managers import for us. A lot of improbabilities are left to the imagination, but there is a story and it is told clearly. Of course the action is halted here and there to permit of the interjection of Mr. Wilde's so-called epigrams. These epigrams are sometimes called aphorisms and sometimes called chestnuts, depending on the point of view of the auditor. One of the most applauded, that about talking so much and saying so little, has been familiar to the American public for many years, and serves as a measure for the others, which it is safe to say are original—with some one else than the author of the play. But it is no small talent to take the wits of other people and put them to profitable use. It's all very well to say that a man "cribs," but we have to give some credit to the man who crystallizes his cribbing into notoriety and profit. It's an accomplishment by itself, and Mr. Wilde possesses it to a marked degree.

The piece is handsomely mounted, as plays always are at the Lyceum, and is adequately east. Miss Irving still gives a better imitation of Miss Rehan than Cissie Loftus does, but adds to the imitation a peculiar dental sloshing which Miss Rehan never had. The honors in the feminine cast go easily to Miss Rhoda Cameron, who plays the part of an adventuress with the self-possession and art of a stage veteran in this line of business. Mr. Le Moyne has the character of a disagreeable and lovable old noble busybody, to which he gives his usual artistic finish. Mr. Grattan, the "ideal" husband, which is, of course, a misnomer, carries out our



CHOLLY (*afraid to make a start*): IT MAY BE IMAGINATION, YE KNOW, BUT YOUR BULL DOG ALWAYS LOOKS LARGER TO ME AT NIGHT THAN IN THE DAY TIME.

"THAT'S PROBABLY BECAUSE PAPA LETS HIM OUT NIGHTS AND TAKES HIM IN MORNINGS.

predictions as to his powers, but is very faulty in his enunciation. Mr. Kelcey gets away from himself to a marked degree, and is therefore an improvement on his usual work, although he bites his nails some three or four times during the performance.

NEXT is Mr. C. Haddon Chambers. His piece is called "John-a-Dreams," and is produced at the Empire Theatre. It is another illustration of Mr. Charles Frohman's theory that for people who like that sort of thing, this is just the sort of thing they will like. Mr. Frohman wasn't the originator of this idea, but he has tried it on the New York public and the gullible ones outside so often that he has come to believe in its infallibility. Some obscure person, unknown to Mr. Frohman, once said that the mission of the stage was to hold the mirror up to nature. In this case Mr. Haddon Chambers has dispensed not only with the mirror, but with nature as well. He attributes to laudanum properties which will amaze any medical practitioner, and to humanity qualities which are beyond the limit of imagination. Why should people in plays be bigger fools than they are in real life? With the whole world to draw from for originals there should be a sufficient fool population to supply not only Mr. Chambers, but all the dramatists



COMING TO THE POINT.

on earth without their having to create impossible types. Fortunately the scene is laid in England, and such chumps as *Harold Wynn* may exist there somewhere among the agricultural population, but it seems rather cruel to the theatre-going public to put them in dress clothes and expect them to be swallowed as people even sufficiently educated to read the daily newspapers. But the continued success of the green-goods game perhaps entitles Mr. Chambers to attribute any degree of stupidity he pleases to the Oxford graduate, and we poor Americans have to take him as Mr. Chambers (per Mr. Frohman) gives him to us. The play tells a story, a sort of penny-dreadful story, and so long as the matinee girl exists this sort of play at the Empire Theatre with Mr. Charles Frohman's ideal cast is bound to go on. The same proportion holds good between literature like the *New York Family Story Paper* and the living population of chamber-maids.

Mr. Frohman's people don't do quite as well this time as usual. Mr. Miller is decidedly stogy, and Miss Viola Allen has reverted to her sloppy-weather methods. She broke away from them in "Sowing the Wind," and to a less extent in "The Masqueraders," but now returns to the old level of whine and bad accentuation. Mr. Miller is at times so throaty as not to be understood. The parts are unnatural and ungrateful, and the artists have our sympathy; but this fact does not pardon all their shortcomings. A performance which must appeal

directly to Mr. Frohman's artistic nature is that of Mr. Jameson Lee Finney (*sic*). If Mr. Frohman is not careful, the Barnum circus will acquire Mr. Jameson Lee Finney, and Broadway will be minus a most excellent freak in the line of real art.

We have not touched on the morality of "John-a-Dreams." It's the old question of sexuality, and when a stage doesn't produce art why bother about its morals? This public is too busy making money to care much about art, and is too much occupied in closing billiard rooms on Sunday and stopping racing to worry about stage morals. The stage is an instructor, and we send our wives and daughters to see "John-a-Dreams" while we're making money and admiring Parkhurst, Gerry and Comstock. Whath'ell have we got to do with art and real morals?
Metcalf.

CASTLETON: Is it true that Miss Wiberly referred to me as an agnostic.
CLUBBERLY: She said you didn't know anything.



FEELING THAT HE IS INCONSIDERATELY CROWDED BY HIS NEIGHBORS, SLOWSON SEEKS REVENGE AND —



GIVES HIS SEAT TO A LADY.



From La Caricature.

"WELL, MIMILE, YOU DO NOT SEEM PLEASED WITH YOUR TOYS."

"OH, YES! ONLY I WAS THINKING OF THE WHIPPING I'LL GET IF I BREAK 'EM."

OUR BEST SOCIETY.

Advertisements under this head one dollar per line. Copy must reach this office not later than 10 P. M., Fridays.

MRS. WILLIAM K. VANDERBILT was in a gorgeous gown of cream-white satin, the corsage relieved with shoulder straps and bands of turquoise blue satin. She wore her famous rope of pearls and a diamond crescent in her coiffure.

ltchgo

Mrs. James P. Kernochan was in mauve brocade, with trimmings of sable. She wore a coronet of diamond stars and some handsome diamonds in a black velvet band around the neck.

eot&stf

Mrs. Charles B. Alexander was in a light shade of gray moire, the skirt trimmed with bands of black velvet and the corsage ornamented with silver embroidery. Her gems were pearls and diamonds.

cothgo

Mrs. Elisha Dyer, Jr., was in a striking gown of pale blue satin flecked with silver and trimmed with lace and large bows of blue satin ribbon.

DHdaily

The cotillon was led by Elisha Dyer, Jr., and in the several figures many handsome favors were distributed.

DHdaily

The Countess de Montsaulnin wore a gown of black satin, embellished with silver spangles. Her ornaments were a coronet of diamonds and a necklace of pearls.

DHeot



"OH, HEAVENS, JOHN! THE BABY'S SWALLOWED YOUR LATCH KEY!"

"OH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT. I CAN CLIMB IN THE WINDOW."

IN GOLD AND SILVER

The Gorham Manufacturing Comp'y, Silver-smiths, Broadway and Nineteenth St., are enabled to announce that they have completed, after several months of preparation, a choice collection of new and beautiful articles in Sterling Silver, designed with especial reference to Easter-tide, and as gifts for the approaching Spring Weddings. The collection will be placed on exhibition and sale in their art rooms (third floor), Tuesday April Second.





At George Cable's home, in Northampton, Mass., there was lately a double celebration—that of his own silver wedding and the marriage of his eldest daughter, whose advent inspired her father's only published verses:

"There came to port, the other day,
The queerest little craft,
Without a stitch of rigging on.
I looked and looked and laughed.

"It seemed so strange that she should come
Across that stormy water,
And anchor there, right in my room,
My daughter, oh, my daughter!" —Philadelphia Record.

KENTUCKIANS are always proud of their State in whatever department of human labor they may hold place. Not long ago a widow went to see a marble cutter to get a tombstone for her late husband. She selected a plain one from his stock and gave him an inscription to put on it.

"Can't do that, ma'am," he said politely when he had read it.

"Why not?" she asked in surprise. "I'm paying for it."

"Yes'm; but I can't put that on. I stretch my conscience a good many times in what I put on a tombstone, but I ain't going to tell a plain lie when I know it."

The widow was greatly shocked, and insisted on his explaining what he meant.

"Well, ma'am," he said, "you've got here, 'gone to a better land,' and that ain't so, ma'am. There ain't any better land than Kentucky."—Detroit Free Press.

For sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Broom's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, Agents.

THEY were standing on a street corner waiting for a car. She was American, he was English. She delighted in proclaiming the glories of this New World, but he only elevated his beastly nose and answered every remark with that irritating phrase "In the old country," etc.

While they were waiting, a pair of bicyclers, a man and a woman, wheeled by. The woman was dressed decidedly "up to date."

"Aw," the Englishman remarked. "Knickerbockers!"

The girl looked up in surprise. "Do you mean the woman in bloomers?"

"Yes; but in the old country, ye know, we call them knickerbockers."

Miss America hardly knew how to answer his know-it-all manner. She felt it would be rude to change the conversation too abruptly, so she simply said: "By the way, do you call 'a pair of knickerbockers' singular or plural?"

The Englishman glanced after the retreating bicyclers. "Plural," he said, "as applied to men; but in the case of women—singular."—Boston Budget.

CURRAN'S ruling passion was his joke, and it was strong, if not in death, at least in his last illness. One morning his physician observed that he seemed to "cough with more difficulty."

"That is rather surprising," answered Curran, "for I have been practicing all night."

While thus lying ill Curran was visited by a friend, Father O'Leary, who also loved his joke.

"I wish, O'Leary," said Curran, to him abruptly "that you had the keys of heaven."

"Why, Curran?"

"Because you could let me in," said the facetious counselor.

"It would be much better for you, Curran," said the good-humored priest, "that I had the keys of the other place, because I could then let you out."—Green Bag.

WHEN the clergyman remarked that there was a nave in the new church the society was building, an old lady whispered that she knew the party to whom he referred.—Ex.

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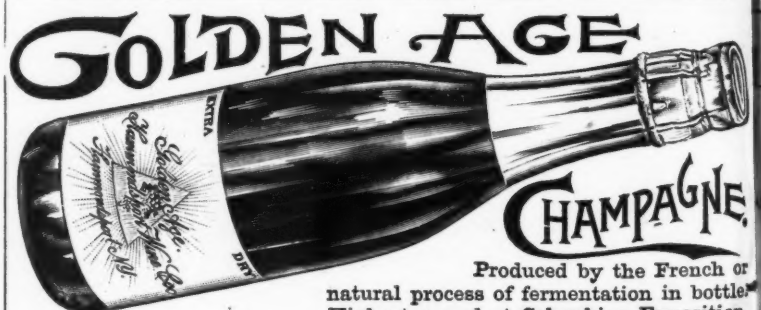
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SHE: Do you remember that you said you would do anything I asked when I promised to marry you ?

HE: Yes, but I didn't know then how much spare time a woman had to think up things to ask for.—*Cincinnati Tribune.*

FRIEND: You still employ Dr. Hardhead, I see.

MRS. DE STYLE: He's just lovely. My husband and I both like him. When we are ailing, he always recommends old port for my husband and Newport for me.—*New Haven Palladium.*

"I'll bet," remarked Mr. Jason to his wife as they sat in the family circle at the play, "I'll bet from the looks of it that the dress that that woman in the box is wearin' is one of them elegant dresses 'one-half off' we seed advertised yisterday in the papers."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

CALLER: Is your sister in, my little man ?

WILLIE WISE: She said if Mr. Sweet came, tell him she was sick ; if Mr. Rush came, to say she was not in, and if it was Mr. Earl to say she was out with Mr. Sweet. She said she'd give me a nickel if I got it right. I don't know which you are, mister, but you bet I'm goin' to get the nickel.—*Pittsburg Post.*

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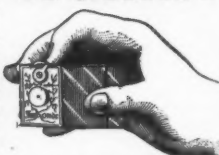
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